

A FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

The Trust Magnates and the Farmers—The Price of Pork—Why Farmers Stopped Raising Hogs—How the Human Hogs Treat the Farmer and the Consumer—The Real Manipulators of Prices Always Keep in Out of the Wet.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

These are the days when the pesky farmer is catching it hot from such disinterested fellows as the meat packers, the trust magnates, the railroad presidents and other eminent and spotless saints of selfishness. They've all boosted the price of their own products; they've all frankly admitted that they haven't wanted to; oh, dear no! Every time they've added a fresh cent to the price of their meat or their shorts or their boots or their "all wool" cotton and "lute" cloth, they've done so with tears in their eyes. They have simply hated to put on that extra cent. They have lain awake nights, sleepless, thinking of schemes to obviate the necessity of it. There isn't one of them but would gladly cut down his automobile bill from \$400 a month to \$300.28 if he could avoid it. But he can't. It must be that he must pay for his car, say so. He doesn't want to raise prices; it tears his tender heartstrings to fatten that he must. He is compelled to. And it is the greedy, gluttonous, wealth absorbing, face-of-the-poor grinding farmer who makes him do it, of all the points of a piteous.

"What's the smallest wholesale package of salt pork I can buy?" I asked a city jobber the other day. "Two hundred pounds," he said. "I'll cost you just a million dollars." Of course he was exaggerating—a trifle—but those who have bought salt pork at that price will forgive him for it. Dye said he went out, "that the price of live hogs to the farmer has touched \$10.15 a hundred." How do you expect to buy pork at a living price, when we have to pay such a killing price for hogs? If you farmers sell your pigs for less well sell the pork for less. Sounds straight enough, doesn't it? Looks very much as if Old Haystack from Hocktown Corners was at the bottom of the high prices, doesn't it? Let the packer and his agents tell the story, and you'll always find it looking just that way. They are wholly helpless, of course; all they can do is to pay whatever outrageous price the packing farmer makes demands and then try to get their money back from somebody else. If the consumer doesn't pay, they'll cut-out him, having had wider experience in that form of argument; if he shimmers about it, they'll go into the back room with him and weep a mackerel full of tears to his pint, in sorrowing sympathy with him, either profanely or waitfully, as the case may be, adhere to their marked-up price and point to the farmer as the sole cause of it all.

It is perfectly evident that this rural aristocrat, swaggering around in his costly cowhide boots and his extravagant dinner overalls and his priceless antique hat of the vintage of 1898—it is perfectly evident that he is becoming very unpopular with the farmers of the poor as these I have alluded to. Furthermore, they are doing their utmost to make him unpopular with all consumers. I've just been reading in some of the papers a little Outlook, a letter from a Chelmsford in which he explains how the cold storage plants have for years been bidding up the price of such meats as they want to carry over for a few years, and how the establishment of the packing trust has made it possible for the small hog and pork man to hold out for and secure a higher price for his meat each year. Just think of that statement for a minute. Consider what the writer says and you will see that the establishment of a combination among buyers, with unlimited capital behind them, has enabled the organized and disorganized sellers to hold out for and secure higher prices for their meat and to keep it in the market in both cases "the net result has been to fill the pockets of the farmer."

That's the very way he puts it, in his very words.

Now I don't pretend to be a statistician; nor do I feel myself competent to take a continent-wide survey of all social and economic conditions. But I happen to know something about pork production on one little New England farm and know exactly who there are half a dozen less hogs to go on the market this season than used to go on it. I've always been an inquiring kind of critter; always have wanted to be shown; always have tried to find out whether the work was done the way or not. Some years ago when I owned a small dairy and had told of skim milk and butter a few pigs. Two years running I kept a complete account with those pigs; set down against them every cent of cost except labor and skim milk, and every cent of income. I had to buy the young pigs, paying market rates; I had to buy bran to keep them growing during the warm weather. I fed them

farm-grown corn to fatten them, in the fall, charging them with what I could have sold the corn for. On both those years I was able to "hog kill" time to buy pork by the side for between forty and fifty cents a hundred pounds less than my pork had cost me to raise. That is, the years in question, I had fed those pigs three times a day, had given them barrels of skim milk, had helped in the dirty and disagreeable work of butchering, all for nothing, and had paid between forty and fifty cents a hundred in money for the privilege of doing it.

The first year I didn't believe my own figures. I couldn't accept the idea that my pork-producing neighbors were making money for me out of having a lot of hogs around. So I studied up their methods: I watched the way they raised their pigs; I read up on bookkeeping with my own piggy-bank—and the result was a rather worse showing than the first time. Not a single one of them would pay me for my pork what it had cost me to raise; it cost me in money outright, remember; not including labor and raising and unreckonable farm wastes. They all agreed within half a cent, and bather pigs. Gradually other farmers began to discover the same general principle, and they too stopped raising pigs. I have kept no census of hoggers in my town, but I feel sure in saying that there are not so many raised in it, now, one-half the number of swine that were raised in it ten and fifteen years ago. We are not getting up of paying out \$100 on hogs to get \$30 back for pork. I haven't the slightest doubt that the same motive has actuated farmers in other parts of the country.

The present high prices of pork and other hog products is due to the fact that the farmer is not getting the price he deserves. The scarcity of hogs is due to the fact that farmers aren't raising as many as they used to. It is, like, wise, self-evident. Farmers aren't raising them because at the prices formerly ruling, it didn't pay to raise them. And it didn't pay to raise them because the great packers, controlling the market and making the price at which they should sell as well as the price at which they should buy, were holding it down, till they had pretty near stopped the hog growing business. That's the story, and it's the story of the land being full of porkers, the packing trust compelled him to give his pork for nothing and pay it a bonus for taking the stuff.

The chances are, furthermore, that seeing the present unduly high price of pork, the farmer is not raising as many as he used to. So many will want young pigs that the cost of the pig will go up in the next season, thus increasing the expense of the ultimate pork; the quotations for hogs will be something scare-y, and, if the natural result follows in an overproduction of pork, the selling price, which has been going up like a rocket, will come down like a stick, and the farmer will get cracked when it falls.

Judging the future by the past, I feel reasonably safe in predicting that the head which gets cracked won't be that of the packer. It will be either the farmer's or the consumer's. The packer will feel the stick. The packer is altogether too keen a fellow to get any more than he can get. So long as he can find somebody's umbrella in a hallway to hold over himself, he'll undoubtedly stand under it, whether it is his own or not. When Adam was called up to answer for breaking the rules, he said it was Eve's fault. Then both united to lay it on the serpent. I should like to hear the snake's version of the story.

THE FARMER.

TAFTHVILLE WHIST PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webster entertained Friday Evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webster of Taftville entertained at whist on Friday evening. Four tables were played, the first lady's prize, a silver case, being received by Mrs. Luther D. Packard, and the first gentleman's award, a box of cards in a leather case, falling to Luther D. Packard. Refreshments were served by the hostess and a social time was enjoyed.

Jennie Whipple Fined.

Jennie Whipple, proprietress of a resort at 10 Potter street, New London, was fined \$50 in the New London police court Friday morning. She was arraigned before Judge Crandall for keeping a house of assignation and demerit. Court overruled the demerit and found the defendant guilty. Robert Jack and Evelyn Willard, who were arrested at the same time, were allowed the advantages of a thirty days' suspension of judgment and both were warned.

W. C. Osgood's Estate.

Judge N. J. Loring on Friday accepted the final account of W. C. Osgood and Mrs. Sarah O. Gamwell, administrators of the estate of the late William C. Osgood. The estate amounted to \$128,655.75. The residue of the estate, after settling all bills and the administration fees, all of which amounted to \$10,844.14, is to be divided equally between the administrators, they being the children of the deceased.

First Baptist Delta Alphas.

On Friday evening the March meeting of the Delta Alpha class of the First Baptist church was held at the home of Miss Ruth Phillips on West Main street. The meeting was called to order by the president. It was decided to camp at Gardner Lake for a week in July. The reports were read and approved. A social hour followed during which games were played and refreshments served.

The city of Wallase, on the Danube, in lower Austria, once famous and wealthy because of its millstone industry, has just seen its glory completely fade away through the closing of its large millstone concern.

As Farmer Jolt Sees It

The house-fly is indicted as a nuisance, but Farmer Gaspard is the champion.

Some farmers are so willing to wait until the ground is warm that they do not commence their planting until all the rest are done.

Air-slacked lime and table salt are good to kill cabbage worms, but they cannot sprinkle themselves on the cabbage plants.

Cy Cymbal wakes up and says he notices that the farmer's wife who hustles wears out most clothes and wears herself out soonest.

A honeysuckle on the porch don't attract any more attention than an old hat in a broken window pane, but it is a darning sight prettier.

March is the month to prune the grapevines and rose bushes, says Jim Jimsen, if the wind didn't blow through your whiskers.

Aunt Jemima says the reason her horse has such an uncertain look is because he never yet had a set hour for his morning fodder.

Even hogs get bad habits where the keeper gets up by the sun instead of by the clock. The time to do things is at the regular time.

Spreading up a part of the henyard each day may furnish exercise for chickens, says Plodding Pete, and it tucks the digger, too.

If you could paint outbuildings as easy as old Kut-kut-ka-dar-let colors her eggs, farmers' places would look prettier.

Matilda Munsey plants her sweet-peas in boxes in the house in March, and bears all her neighbors. She's always going to be first. If she has to get up in the middle of the night to say her prayers.

My bosom friend, Slob Slot, gets between hay and grass in midwinter as well as in midsummer. He can find that place after how he can find the pasture and making the price at which they should sell as well as the price at which they should buy.

I don't care how far a man's boots are run down at the heel in April, if every tooth in the harrow is sharp and the farming tools are in order.

I've known lame men who could hoe their row while some able-bodied men were waking up. Being able-bodied isn't always an unmixed blessing.

The farmer who tests his seeds knows all his neighbors. He gets and the farmer who doesn't think he does—in the end he finds out.

I do not know of a tree that does better in the henyard than the Siberian crabapple—they do not invite attention from the hens, but sell well in the market.

I planted two rows of young maple trees down the road from my house ten years ago, and now they are such a compliment to me and I feel so proud of them, that I wish they were two miles long.

I like to have lots of birds and hope-terds on my place and that is why I keep boys and polecats off.

JOB JOLT.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Two companies will present "Where There's a Will, There's a Way" at the Metropolitan opera house.

Ellen Terry is to return to this country next season as a lecturer. Five years ago Mrs. Terry's husband, who was a great actor, died.

At the Colonial theater, New York, next week, Denman Thompson and company will head an unusually strong bill in an original production from his play, "The Old Homestead."

Another opera by Franz Lehár, composer of "The Merry Widow," will be presented this spring. It is called "The Man with the Three Wives." It has been a success abroad.

Elvira de Hidalgo, heralded as the "youngest opera singer," lately came to this country to join the Metropolitan opera house. She is a lyric soprano.

George Barnum, who plays Baron Cosca, in "Such a Little Queen," in which Elsie Ferguson is starring, was in the original production of "The Widow Jones," which elevated May Irwin to stardom.

Ricardo Martin, "the first American tenor to arrive in grand opera," as he is called, is to create the leading role in Prof. Inverness' "The Pigeon of St. Peter," which will be put on at the Metropolitan opera house.

When Henry B. Harris' musical production, "A Skylark," opens at the Columbia theater, Washington, D. C., on Monday, March 14, a distinguished audience will be present, including President Taft, who has bought a box for the performance.

The Shuberts have closed a contract with Fritz Scheff by the terms of which she will be under this management for the next season. She will open her first season under the Shubert management at the Casino theater, New York city, next October.

BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an ill man describes himself. He says: "For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headache and indigestion, and was a physical wreck."

The different kinds of medicines I tried did not cure me, but finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum man strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it. It has a rich, creamy taste, and all the good things of coffee without any trouble.

Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to get well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I have been restored to strength and health. Can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body. Everyone who meets me comments on my getting so plump and strong. I am really a monument built by Postum.

Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change. It was leaving off coffee and using Postum. The old trouble book "The Road to Wellville," in pigs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Bulletin's Social Corner

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY -- \$2.50 first; \$1.50 second; \$1.00 third. Open to all Eastern Connecticut Women.

Short and gossip letters upon the affairs of Home and Household, Domestic Perplexities and Difficulties, Family Problems, How to Avoid the Annoying Features of Housework, Social Questions, Health Hints and Home Remedies, How to Keep Young and Well, Care of Baby, How to Manage Husband and Children, Animals, Fowls or Birds, Recipes, Kitchen Economy, Furnishings, Home Arts, Flowers, Gardening, Etc., are all eligible topics.

(Write only on one side of paper)

Address SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

A WORD TO LETTER WRITERS.

[The Social Corner appears to take a good start; and it seems to meet a long-felt want. One writer suggests that the Corner be made "A Mother's Club." That is all right. There will be room enough in it for that and a Cooking Club, and a Culture Club of women with a mission. We want pleasant chat back and forth, friendly criticism, helpful suggestions and anything the mind of woman may conceive of to make the letters interesting or edifying. Please mail letters early in week as Wednesday is last day. You, reader, can write something short, gossip and to the point.—Social Corner Editor.]

Little Helps.

Editor Social Corner: I think we women can be very helpful to one another in the way of sending in tested recipes and exchanging little remedies for common troubles. How many sisters realize that spirits of camphor or 8 drops to a tumbler of water, taken on a swallow at a time, will speedily cure a cold that so often comes on in the middle of the night to say her prayers.

My bosom friend, Slob Slot, gets between hay and grass in midwinter as well as in midsummer. He can find that place after how he can find the pasture and making the price at which they should sell as well as the price at which they should buy.

I don't care how far a man's boots are run down at the heel in April, if every tooth in the harrow is sharp and the farming tools are in order.

I've known lame men who could hoe their row while some able-bodied men were waking up. Being able-bodied isn't always an unmixed blessing.

The farmer who tests his seeds knows all his neighbors. He gets and the farmer who doesn't think he does—in the end he finds out.

I do not know of a tree that does better in the henyard than the Siberian crabapple—they do not invite attention from the hens, but sell well in the market.

I planted two rows of young maple trees down the road from my house ten years ago, and now they are such a compliment to me and I feel so proud of them, that I wish they were two miles long.

I like to have lots of birds and hope-terds on my place and that is why I keep boys and polecats off.

JOB JOLT.

Domestic Perplexities.

Editor Social Corner: It would be almost impossible for any farmer to make a success in life unless he had a good wife. To do good work on the farm he should have a good team that will work together to his advantage. If the farmer and his wife want to be good parents, neighbors and citizens of the state they should work together for the benefit of the home, state, together with the domestic perplexities and difficulties of the rural home will vanish like the dew on a June morning.

RURAL DELIVERY.

Hints and Suggestions.

Editor Social Corner: I am glad The Bulletin has given us farmer people a chance to speak for ourselves. I have been reading it with interest and have found it very helpful. I am sure it will be a great help to many of us.

I am hoping to get a lot of helpful ideas from these letters to let us all contribute something. Do many of the sisters cut over stockings and out new feet from whole legs. If you ever cast buttonholes before working they will work easier.

Washing machines are a great help in laundry work.

How many of us realize the value of system in housework? Certain work on certain days; certain routine in daily labor. Things all go smoother and easier if we have a plan.

How can we gain obedience from the children without governing through fear? When we want to amuse little children when they are tired of toys? They are always looking for something new to do. I have cut out four year old, but what of the young-ster? Will not the mother who looks forward their problems? Let us make this corner a Mothers' club.

The country is certainly the best place to bring up children. The child has so many temptations. The child will appreciate the good times, and learn more readily when he does visit the city. He will be stronger morally and physically and more contented with nature. But don't you think there is chance for improvement in a broader school education? Let us hear from the sisters.

We can live cheaper in the country. Do not need so many changes of dress. So many bills, nickle-dimes or just things to keep money burning in our pockets. We live by seasons: Seed-time and harvest and have room enough to turn around and enjoy God's beautiful world. Well, I will stop and give someone else a chance to write.

MRS. P. H. W.

A Good Home Remedy.

Editor Social Corner: A remedy for colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs, is a very good one. I have been using it for years and it has been a great benefit in my family, may help some anxious mother to relieve a sick child, and it is a very good one. It is the following: One-half teaspoon of baking soda in a glass of water, then add one teaspoon of sweet spirit of nitre. Dose, two tablespoonsful every two hours.

MOTHER.

Trading Cove.

The Social Corner.

Editor Social Corner: For some time I have been waiting to say that The Bulletin is a very bright, interesting, original family paper, the best I know of in the world. I had to wait to say it in and here comes the Social Corner, just in time—I'm glad as I can be to meet every one of you. What good times we shall have exchanging ideas. I have been looking for a rule for sweet grating and here it is. Kate Neill—from Union—with hers. Thank you dear. I'm fond of Union, in sentiment and the beautiful picture of our town as well—and all the people from there whom I have ever been

The Porteous & Mitchell Co.

A Sale of Notions

IT WILL BEGIN TODAY AND CONTINUE THROUGHOUT THE WEEK FOLLOWING.

Commencing today we will have a seven-day Sale of Notions and Small Wares. This is not an offering of a few odds and ends—but involves a broad and comprehensive sale of every day needs—and it is offered at a time when these needs are greatest.

Don't miss this Sale—it means more and substantial savings for all who take advantage of it.

Threads

At 3c—White Basting Thread, 500-yard spools, value 5c.

At 2c—Linen-finish Button Thread, in black and white, value 5c.

At 10c—Fast Black Darning Cotton, on spools—Sale price 10c a dozen, value 20c.

At 3c—Shaker Silk Substitute in black and colors, value 5c.

Needles and Pins

At 4c—Roberts' Gold-eyed Needles, value 5c.

At 1c—Common Pins, full count, value 2c.

At 4c—Best American Pins, all sizes, value 5c.

At 7c—English Pins, medium size, value 10c.

At 4c—Clinton Safety Pins, black or white, all sizes, value 5c to 7c.

At 1c—Black Pins with jet heads—Sale price 1c a box, value 2c.

At 3c—Common Black Pins in boxes—Sale price 3c a box, value 5c.

At 3c—Pin Boxes, containing Black or White Pins, value 5c.

At 5c—Cubes, containing assorted sizes in Black Pins, value 7c.

At 5c—Black Head Hat Pins, unbreakable heads, 3 on a card, value 10c.

Hooks and Eyes

At 1c—Long Bill Hooks and Eyes in black or white—1c a card, value 5c.

At 3c—Saragata Hooks and Eyes in black or white—3c a card, value 5c.

At 7c—Golden Spring Hooks and Eyes in black or white—7c a card, value 10c.

At 7c—Pettis Invisible Hooks and Eyes—7c a card, value 10c.

Hose Supporters

At 10c—Side Elastics for women and children, fancy effects in plain or frilled, button catch, value 15c a pair.

At 19c—Women's Satin Pad Hose Supporters of lace elastic, with Lindsay button, value 25c.

Lindsay Hose Supporters.

Infants' at 10c, value 12c.

Children's at 10c, value 12c.

Misses' at 12c, value 15c.

Women's at 15c, value 17c.

C. M. C. HOSE SUPPORTERS.

Infants' at 10c, value 12c.

Children's at 12c, value 15c.

Misses' at 15c, value 17c.

Women's at 17c, value 20c.

Tapes—Laces

At 3c—White Cotton Bunch Tape, assorted widths to bunch, value 5c.

At 5c—White Cotton Tape, 3/4-inch wide, 8-yard pieces, value 10c.

At 10c—Taffeta Seam Binding, white only, value 15c.

At 5c—Black Flat Shoe Laces in three lengths—at 5c a bunch, value 10c.

At 3c—Flat Linen Corset Laces, 5-yards long, value 5c.

Miscellaneous

At 1c—Silk Binding Braid in colors only—at 1c a yard, value 5c.

At 1c—White Cotton Garter Elastic, medium width—at 1c a yard, value 5c.

At 3c—Corset Steels in white, 5 hook—value 5c.

At 3c—Stocking Drawers, value 5c.

At 7c—Mothers' Ironing Wax, value 10c.

At 9c—Invisible Hair-Net, large size and fine quality—abalone, brown and black—at 9c each, 3 for 25c, value 15c.

At 10c—Children's Skeleton Waists, value 15c.

At 15c—Dress Skirts—an odd lot in odd sizes, value 25c.

Men's and Women's \$4.69 Hunting Case Open Face

On Sale This Morning at 8.15

Another evidence of our Superior Merchandising Facilities

THIS Morning we will place on Sale 150 Gold Filled Watches, fitted with splendid movements, perfect time keepers at \$4.69. Actual values are from \$10 to \$12.00 each.

Hunting Case Gold Filled cases guaranteed for 10 years. Open Face Gold Filled Cases guaranteed for 20 years. Both Men's and Women's Sizes.

Consider Well the Facts!

Every Watch will be sold with the distinct understanding that it may be returned at any time before April 15th, and the money will be refunded, provided of course that the Watch is in as good condition as when it left our store.

Note Carefully

These Watches will be sold in our Men's Department. There are exactly 150 Watches to be sold at this price, but to be sure of getting a good selection we advise being on hand at the opening of the store, today.

SALE BEGINS THIS MORNING AT 8.15

The March Sale

LASTS TWO DAYS--TODAY AND MONDAY

Two more days of the March Sale—today and Monday. During this Sale we are offering seasonal items selected from every department in store, and reduced to tempting prices. If you haven't as yet taken advantage of these extraordinary offerings do so before the Sale ends.

COME TODAY

You'll find special offerings on every floor and in every department. HERE ARE A FEW SAMPLE VALUES—

MILLINERY

At Final Clearance Price.